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TEUTONIC MYTHOLOGY.

JACOB GRIMM.

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BY

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TRANSLATED FROM THE FOURTH EDITION.

WITH

NOTES AND APPENDIX

BY

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PREFACE

TO THE SECOND EDITION (1844).

Now that I am able to put my germinated sprout of German Mythology into its second leafing, I do it with a firmer confidence in the unimpeded progress of its growth. When the first shyness was once overcome, seeking and finding came more quickly together; and facts, that rebuked any effeminate doubt of the reality of scientific discoveries on a field till then considered barren, started up on every side, till now there is a glut of them. Well, I have got my joists and rafters, drawn some lines, laid some courses, and yet guarded against pretending to finality; for who would do that, so long as in one place the materials are wanting, and in another the hands are still full with fetching? I wish to explain all I can, but I am far from being able to explain all I wish.

Criticism, often brilliantly successful on foreign fields, had sinned against our native antiquities, and misused most of the means it had. The immortal work of a Roman writer had shed a light of dawn on the history of Germany, which other nations may well envy us: not content with suspecting the book's genuineness (as though the united Middle Ages had been capable of such a product), its statements, sprung from honest love of truth, were cried down, and the gods it attributes to our ancestors were traced to the intrusion of Roman ideas. Instead of diligently comparing the contents of so precious a testimony with the remnants of our heathenism scattered elsewhere, people made a point of minimizing the value of these few fragments also, and declaring them forged, borrowed, absurd. Such few gods as remained unassailed, it was the fashion to make short work of, by treating them as Gallic or Slavic, just as vagrants are shunted off to the next parish—let our neighbours dispose of the rubbish as they can. The Norse Edda, whose plan, style and substance

breathe the remotest antiquity, whose songs lay hold of the heart in a far different way from the extravagantly admired poems of Ossian, they traced to christian and Anglo-Saxon influence, blindly or wilfully overlooking its connexion with the relics of eld in Germany proper, and thinking to set it all down to nurses and spinning-wives (p. 1230), whose very name seemed, to those unacquainted with the essence of folk-lore, to sound the lowest note of contempt. They have had their revenge now, those norns and spindle-bearers.

One may fairly say, that to deny the reality of this mythology is as much as to impugn the high antiquity and the continuity of our language: to every nation a belief in gods was as necessary as language. No one will argue from the absence or poverty of memorials, that our forefathers at any given time did not practise their tongue, did not hand it down; yet the lack or scantiness of information is thoughtlessly alleged as a reason for despoiling our heathenism, antecedent to the conversion, of all its contents, so to speak. History teaches us to recognise in language, the farther we are able to follow it up, a higher perfection of form, which declines as culture advances; as the forms of the thirteenth century are superior to our present ones, and those of the ninth and the fifth stand higher still, it may be presumed that German populations of the first three centuries of our era, whose very names have never reached us, must have spoken a more perfect language than the Gothic itself. Now if such inferences as to what is non-extant are valid in language, if its present condition carries us far back to an older and oldest; a like proceeding must be justifiable in mythology too, and from its dry water-courses we may guess the copious spring, from its stagnant swamps the ancient river. Nations hold fast by prescription: we shall never comprehend their tradition, their superstition, unless we spread under it a bed on still heathen soil.

And these views are confirmed by what we know to be true of poetry and legend. If the heathens already possessed a finely articulated language, and if we concede to them an abundant stock of religious myths, then song and story could not fail to

lay hold of these, and to interweave themselves with the rites and customs. That such was the case we are assured by Tacitus; and the testimony of Jornandes and Eginhart leaves not the smallest room for doubt respecting later ages. Those primitive songs on Tuisco, on Mannus and the three races that branched out of him, are echoed long after in the genealogies of Ingo, Iscio, Hermino; so the Hygelâc of the Beowulf-song, whom a tenth century legend that has just emerged from oblivion names Huglacus Magnus (Haupt 5, 10), is found yet again—as a proof that even poetry may agree with history—in the 'Chochilaichus' of Gregory of Tours. If in the 12th and 13th centuries our country's hero-legend gleamed up for the last time, poets must have kept on singing it for a long time before, as is plain from the saved fragment of Hildebrand and the Latin versions of Rudlieb and Waltharius; while not a tone survives of those Low German lays and legends, out of which nevertheless proceeded the Vilkinasaga that mirrors them back. The rise of our Court-poetry has without the slightest ground or necessity been ascribed to the Crusades; if we are to assume any importations from the East, these can more conveniently be traced to the earlier and quieter intercourse of Goths and Northmen with the Greek empire, unless indeed we can make up our minds to place nearly all the coincidences that startle us to the account of a fundamental unity of the European nations, a mighty influence which is seen working through long ages, alike in language, legend and religion.

I am met by the arrogant notion, that the life of whole centuries was pervaded by a soulless cheerless barbarism; this would at once contradict the loving kindness of God, who has made His sun give light to all times, and while endowing men with gifts of body and soul, has instilled into them the consciousness of a higher guidance: on all ages of the world, even those of worst repute, there surely fell a foison of health and wealth, which preserved in nations of a nobler strain their sense of right and law. One has only to recognise the mild and manly spirit of our higher antiquity in the purity and power of the national

laws, or the talent inherited by the thirteenth century in its eloquent, inspired poems, in order justly to appreciate legend and myth, which in them had merely struck root once more.

But our inquiry ought to have the benefit of this justice both in great things and in small. Natural science bears witness, that the smallest may be an index to the greatest; and the reason is discoverable, why in our antiquities, while the main features were effaced, petty and apparently accidental ones have been preserved. I am loth to let even slight analogies escape me, such as that between Bregowine, Freáwine, and Gotes friunt (p. 93).

True to my original purpose, I have this time also taken the Norse mythology merely as woof, not as warp. It lies near to us, like the Norse tongue, which, having stood longer undisturbed in its integrity, gives us a deeper insight into the nature of our own, yet not so that either loses itself wholly in the other, or that we can deny to the German language excellences of its own, and to the Gothic a strength superior to both of them together. So the Norse view of the gods may in many ways clear up and complete the German, yet not serve as the sole standard for it, since here, as in the language, there appear sundry divergences of the German type from the Norse, giving the advantage now to the one and now to the other. Had I taken the rich exuberance of the North as the basis of my inquiry, it would have perilously overshadowed and choked the distinctively German, which ought rather to be developed out of itself, and, while often agreeing with the other, yet in some things stands opposed. The case appears therefore to stand thus, that, as we push on, we shall approach the Norse boundary, and at length reach the point where the wall of separation can be pierced, and the two mythologies run together into one greater whole. If at present some new points of connexion have been established, more important diversities have revealed themselves too. To the Norse antiquarians in particular, I hope my procedure will be acceptable: as we gladly give to them in return for what we have received, they ought no less to receive than to give. Our memorials are

scantier, but older; theirs are younger and purer; two things it was important here to hold fast: first, that the Norse mythology is genuine, and so must the German be; then, that the German is old, and so must the Norse be.

We have never had an Edda come down to us, nor did any one of our early writers attempt to collect the remains of the heathen faith. Such of the christians as had sucked German milk were soon weaned under Roman training from memories of home, and endeavoured not to preserve, but to efface the last impressions of detested paganism. Jornandes and Paulus Diaconus, who must have had plenty of heathen stories still within their reach, made but slight use of the mythical ones. Other ecclesiastics now and then, for a particular purpose, dole out scraps of information which are of great value to us: Jonas (pp. 56. 109), Beda (p. 289), Alcuin (p. 229), Widukind (p. 253), Adam of Bremen (p. 230). As I have said on p. 9, some monk at St. Gall, Fulda, Merseburg or Corvei might have conceived the happy idea of putting pen to the antiquities of his country, gathering up things of which the footprints were still fresh, and achieving for the foreground of our history, just where it begins to disengage itself from legend, a lasting work, such as Saxo Grammaticus accomplished. Even if German tradition was more blurred and colourless from the seventh century to the eleventh, than was Danish in the twelfth, if estrangement from native legend had advanced more slowly in the far North; yet Waltharius and Rudlieb, or the rhyme of the boar in Notker, may shew us that in the very cloisters there was much still unforgotten of the ancient songs. It is likely that scribes continued for some time to add to the collection set on foot by Charles the Great, the destruction of which has proved an incalculable loss, and from which we might have obtained an abundance of materials and pictures of the remotest eld. The Middle High-German poets found themselves already much farther away from all this; anything they might still unconsciously borrow from it must have been preserved accidentally in traditional forms of poetry or the living idiom of the people. The very book in which heathen names and cha-

racters might the most innocently have found a place, Albrecht of Halberstadt's translation of the Metamorphoses, is lost to us in its original form; when Rudolf in his Barlaam from a christian point of view refutes the Grecian gods after the fashion of Chrothilde (see p. 107), he sticks too closely to his text to let any native characteristics come into his head: the age was too entirely absorbed in its immediate present to feel the slightest inclination to look back into its own or other people's distant past. It is not till the 14th or 15th century that sundry writers begin to shew a propensity to this. Gobelinus Persona bestows a mite (p. 254); if Böhmer would but soon give us an edition of the Magdeburg Schöppenchronick and the Chronicon Picturatum, both sadly wanted! Conf. Böhmer's Reg. ed. 1849, p. xxi, pag. 62 ad ann. 1213; Zeuss p. 38. The statements of Botho, uncritical as they are, claim attention, for in his day there may have been accounts still afloat, which have vanished since. A curious one is contained in Joh. Craemer's Chronica sancti Petri in monte crucis ad ann. 1468: 'Matthaeus Huntler in cella Sancti Martini ad Werram vidit librum Johannis Vanderi, ord. S. Benedicti monachi in Reynertsborn, de omnibus gentilium deastris in provincia nostra, quem magna cura conscripsit, et quemlibet deastrum in habitu suo eleganter depinxit cum multis antiquitatibus, in quibus bene versatus esse dicitur.' Botho drew his descriptions from figures of idols that were before his eyes; and at Reinhartsbrunn in Thuringia there might be similar things extant, or the very same that found their way to Brunswick, if only Paullini, whose Syntagma p. 315 furnishes that passage from the chronicle, were not himself suspicious. The like uncertainty hangs over Joh. Berger (p. 96), over a Conradus Fontanus quoted by Letzner (p. 190), and the Frisian Cappidus whose work Hamconius professes to have used (see my chap. XXI, Lotus). Any one that cared to read straight through Berthold of Regensburg's works, dating from the end of the 13th century, would very likely, where the preacher gets to speak of sorcery and devilry, come upon cursory notices of the superstitions of his time, as even the later sermons of Johannes

Herolt (my ch. XXXI, Berchta, Holda), Johannes Nider (d. cir. 1440), and Geiler von Kaisersberg offer some details. And even historians in the 16th and 17th centuries, who rummaged many a dusty archive, such as Aventin, Celtes, Freher, Spangenberger, Letzner (d. after 1612), Nicolaus Gryse (d. 1614), must have had all sorts of available facts within their reach, though to pick the grain out of the chaff would no doubt come easier to us than to them.

Much then is irrecoverably lost to our mythology; I turn to the sources that remain to it, which are partly Written Memorials, partly the never resting stream of living Manners and Story. The former may reach far back, but they present themselves piecemeal and disconnected, while the popular tradition of to-day hangs by threads which ultimately link it without a break to ancient times. Of the priceless records of the Romans, who let the first ray of history fall on their defeated but unsubdued enemy, I have spoken in the fourth and sixth chapters. If among gods and heroes only Tuisco, Mannus and Alx are named in German, and the rest given in 'Romana interpretatio;' on the other hand, the female names Nerthus, Veleda, Tanfana, Huldana (for Hludana), Aliruna, have kept their original form; and so have names of peoples and places that lead back to gods, Ingaevones, Iscaevones, Herminones, Asciburgium. Christian authors also, writing in Latin, prefer the Roman names, yet, when occasion calls, Wodan, Thunar, Frea, Sahsnot cannot be avoided. The refined language of the Goths, and the framework of their hero-legend, lead us to imagine a very full development of their faith, then just giving way to christianity, though to us it has sunk into such utter darkness: such expressions as fráuja, halja, sibja, unhulþo, skôhsl, anz, faírguni, sáuil (as well as sunna), vaíhts, alhs, gudja, hunsl, dulþs, jiuleis, midjun-gards, aúhns, aþn, blôtan, inveitan, must have heathen notions lying at their base, and these would offer themselves far more abundantly if portions of the Gothic Old Testament had reached us. After the lapse of a few centuries we find the other dialects all more or less corrupted when compared with the Gothic, and as a long

interval had then passed since the conversion of most of the races, heathenism must have retreated farther from the language also and the poetry. Nevertheless the fragment of Muspilli, the Abrenuntiatio, the Merseburg Lay and a few others, still allow our glances to rove back beyond our expectation; isolated words occur in glosses, and proper names of men, places, herbs, point to other vestiges; not only do gods and heroes step out of the mist, as Wuotan, Donar, Zio, Phol, Paltar, Frôho, Sintarfizilo, Orentil, and goddesses or wise women, as Frouwa, Folla, Sindgund, Wurt; but a host of other words, itis, wiht, urlac, fuld, haruc, hliodar, paro, sigil, zunkal, etc. are found uneradicated. Of course, among the Saxons, who remained heathen longer, especially among the Anglo-Saxons, whose language preserved its warmth better by poetry, such relics are trebly numerous, for beside Wôden, Thunor, Freá, Bealdor, Helle, Eástre, Hrêðe, and the rich store of names in the genealogies, there add themselves Forneot, Wôma, Geofon, Gersuma, Wuscfreá, Bregowine, Earendel, ides, wyrd, wælcyrge, þyrs, eoten, geola, hleodor, bearo, neorxenawong, hæleðhelm, Brosingamene, and many more. What the Middle High German poetry inevitably loses by comparison with the older, is compensated by its greater quantity: together with hero-names like Nibelunc, Schiltunc, Schilbunc, Alberîch, Wielant, Horant, which fall at once within the province of mythology, it has treasured up for us the words tarnkappe, albleich, heilwâc, turse, windesbrût, goltwine and the like, while in oft-recurring phrases about des sunnen haz, des arn winde, des tiuvels muoter, we catch the clear echo of ancient fables. Most vividly, in never-tiring play of colours, the minne-songs paint the triumphal entry of May and Summer: the pining heart missed in the stately march its former god. The personifications of Sælde and Aventiure spring from a deep-hidden root; how significant are the mere names of Wunsch and vâlant, which are not found in all the poets even, let alone in O.H.German! Yet we cannot imagine otherwise than that these words, although their reference to Wuotan and Phol was through long ages latent, were drawn directly

and without a break from heathenism. They are a proof of the possibility of traditions lingering only in certain spots, and thus finding their way after all to here and there a poet; totally silenced in places and periods, they suddenly strike up somewhere else, though any district, any dialect, can boast but few or comparatively few of these; it is not many arch-mythical terms, like frau, hölle, wicht, that our language has constant need of, and has never to this day cast off.

If these numerous written memorials have only left us sundry bones and joints, as it were, of our old mythology, its living breath still falls upon us from a vast number of Stories and Customs, handed down through lengthened periods from father to son. With what fidelity they propagate themselves, how exactly they seize and transmit to posterity the essential features of the fable, has never been noticed till now that people have become aware of their great value, and begun to set them down in collections simple and copious. Oral legend is to written records as the folk-song is to poetic art, or the rulings recited by schöffen (scabini) to written codes.

But the folk-tale wants to be gleaned or plucked with a delicate hand. Grasp it rudely, it will curl up its leaves, and deny its dearest fragrance. There lies in it such a store of rich development and blossom, that, even when presented incomplete, it contents us in its native adornment, and would be deranged and damaged by any foreign addition. Whoever should venture on that, ought, if he would shew no gap in his harness, to be initiated into all the innocence of popular poetry; as he who would coin a word, into all the mysteries of language. Out of elben (elves) to make elfen, was doing violence to our language; with still less of forbearance have violent hands been laid on the colouring and contents even of myths. They thought to improve upon the folk-tale, and have always fallen short of it: not even where it shews gaps, is any restoration to be dreamt of, which sits upon it as new whitewash on old ruins, contriving with a couple of dabs to wipe out all the charm. Astonishing are the various shapes its identity assumes,

additional adornments spring up on ground where we least expect it; but it is not in every soil that it thrives luxuriantly, here and there it shews scanty or shy; it is sure to be vigorous where rhymes and spells abound in it. The heaviest crops seem to be realized by those collections which, starting from a district rich in legend, glean cautiously from the surrounding neighbourhoods, without straying far from its limits; thus Otmar's Harz-sagen found a favourable field, which is probably worth going over a second time within the like modest bounds. Among collections that have lately come to light, I name Börner's Tales of the Orla-gau, which, grown up on rich legendary soil, yield much that is valuable, though the accompanying discourses fail to realize the true nature of Folk-legend. Bernhard Baader's Tales of Upper Germany afford a rich treasure, in simple suitable language; but in Mone's Anzeiger they are presented in so scattered and inconvenient a form, that they ought to be re-digested in a new edition: the two different versions of the story of Dold (quoted on p. 983), are a good illustration of what I meant just now by 'meagre' and 'luxuriant.' Bechstein's Thuringian Legends seem to me only in the last two volumes to attain the true point of view, and to offer something worth having. The Legends of Samogitia and the Mark, collected by Reusch and Kuhn, satisfy all requirements; they furnish most copious material, and put to shame the notion that any district of Germany is poor in popular traditions, which only elude those who know not the right way to approach them. Soon perhaps we shall get collections laid out on the same thoughtful plan from Holstein, Westphalia, Bavaria and Tyrol.

For Denmark too we have a model collection by Thiele, whose last edition has only just reached me, and still remains unused. Many of the finest Swedish legends have been given us in various places, but a still greater number must be lying ungathered: Afzelius's Sago-häfder, welcome as they are, go too much on the plan of extracting the juice from whatever came to hand. Norway can hardly be less stocked with legend than Sweden, it has moreover its popular lays to shew, into which songs of

the Edda have been transmuted, witness the lay of Thor's hammer (p. 181) and the Sôlar-lay. In our own day, J. W. Wolf is labouring on the popular traditions of Belgium, and Rob. Chambers on those of Scotland, with zeal and visible success.

The Fairy-tale (märchen) is with good reason distinguished from the Legend, though by turns they play into one another. Looser, less fettered than legend, the Fairy-tale lacks that local habitation, which hampers legend, but makes it the more home-like. The Fairy-tale flies, the legend walks, knocks at your door; the one can draw freely out of the fulness of poetry, the other has almost the authority of history. As the Fairy-tale stands related to legend, so does legend to history, and (we may add) so does history to real life. In real existence all the outlines are sharp, clear and certain, which on history's canvas are gradually shaded off and toned down. The ancient mythus, however, combines to some extent the qualities of fairy-tale and legend; untrammelled in its flight, it can yet settle down in a local home.

It was thought once, that after the Italian and French collections of Fairy-tales it was too late to attempt any in Germany, but this is contradicted by fact; and Molbech's collection, and many specimens inserted in his book by Afzelius, testify also how rich Denmark and Sweden are in fairy-tales not yet extinct. But all collections have wellnigh been overtopt lately by the Norwegian (still unfinished) of Moe and Asbiörnsen, with its fresh and full store; and treasures not a few must be lurking in England, Scotland, and the Netherlands, from all of which Mythology may look to receive manifold gain.

To indicate briefly the gain she has already derived from the Folk-tale (legend): it is plain that to this alone we owe our knowledge of the goddesses Holda, Berhta and Fricka, as also the myth of the Wild Hunt which leads us straight to Wôdan. The tale of the old beggar-wife is a reminiscence of Grîmnir. Of the wise-women, of swan-wives, of kings shut up in hills we should have learnt little from written documents, did not Legend spread her light over them; even the myths of the Sin-flood and

the World's Destruction she has not lost sight of to this day. But what is most fondly cherished in her, and woven into the gayest tissues, is the delightful narratives of giants, dwarfs, elves, little wights, nixies, night-hags and home-sprites, these last being related to the rest as the tame beasts of the fable are to the wild and unsubjugated: in poetry the wild is always superior to the tamed. The legend of the sun-blind dwarfs (pp. 466n., 1247) and that of the blood-vat (pp. 468n., 902) remind us of the Edda.

In the Fairy-tale also, dwarfs and giants play their part: Swan-witchen (Swan-white) and Dorn-röschen (Thorn-rose = Sleeping Beauty), pp. 425, 1204 are a swan-wife and a valkyr; the three spinning-wives, p. 415, are norns; the footstool hurled down from the heavenly seat (p. 136), Death as a godfather (p. 853), the player's throw and Jack the gamester (pp. 818n., 887) reach back to heathen times. Fairy-tales, not legends, have in common with the god-myth a multitude of metamorphoses; and they often let animals come upon the stage, and so they trespass on the old Animal-epos.

In addition to the fairy-tale and folk-tale, which to this day supply healthy nourishment to youth and the common people, and which they will not give up, whatever other pabulum you may place before them, we must take account of Rites and Customs, which, having sprung out of antiquity and continued ever since, may yield any amount of revelations concerning it. I have endeavoured to shew how ignition by friction, Easter fires, healing fountains, rain-processions, sacred animals, the conflict between summer and winter, the carrying-out of Death, and the whole heap of superstitions, especially about path-crossing and the healing of diseases, are distinctly traceable to heathen origins. Of many things, however, the explanation stands reserved for a minute inquiry devoting itself to the entire life of the people through the different seasons of the year and times of life; and no less will the whole compass of our law-antiquities shed a searching light on the old religion

and manners. In festivals and games comes out the bright joyous side of the olden time; I have been anxious to point out the manifold, though never developed, germs of dramatic representation, which may be compared to the first attempts of Greek or Roman art. The Yule-play is still acted here and there in the North; its mode of performance in Gothland (p. 43) bears reference to Freyr. The little wights' play is mentioned on p. 441 n.; on the bear's play (p. 785) I intend to enlarge more fully elsewhere. Sword-dance and giant's dance (p. 304), Berchta's running (p. 279), Whitsun play (p. 785), Easter play (p. 780), the induction of summer or May, the violet-hunt and the swallow's welcome are founded on purely heathen views; even the custom of the kilt-gang, like that of watchmen's songs (p. 749), can be traced up to the most antique festivities.

Such are our sources, and so far do they still carry us: let us examine what results the study of them hitherto has yielded.

Divinities form the core of all mythology: ours were buried almost out of sight, and had to be dug out. Their footmarks were to be traced, partly in Names that had stubbornly refused to be rooted out, yet offered little more than their bare sound; partly, under some altered guise, in the more fluid but fuller form of the Folk-tale. This last applies more to the goddesses, the former to the gods. Gods and heroes are found in the very names of runes, the first of which in Old Norse is Freyr, others are Thor, Zio, Eor, Asc, Man, but nowhere goddesses.

The gods that have kept the firmest hold are the three marked in the days of the week as Mercury, Jupiter, Mars; and of these, Wuotan stands out the most distinct. Jonas, Fredegar, Paulus Diaconus and the Abrenuntiatio name him, he towers at the head of ancient lines of kings, many places bear the indelible impress of his name. Woedenspanne signified a part of the human hand, as the North named another part 'ûlf-liðr,' wolf-lith, after the god Týr. Unexpectedly our 13th century has preserved for us

one of his names [Wish], which lies in abeyance even in the Norse system, yet is the one that stands in the closest contact with the women that do the god's bidding, with the wand that unlocks his hoard, with the mantle that carries him through the air, nay, is the only one that puts all these in the true light. The Norse name Omi is not quite so clearly explained by the AS. Wôma, though the word marks unmistakably the stormful god whom we know more certainly through our legend of the 'furious host': the wide cloak and low hat are retained in the name Hackelbernd, which I venture to trace back to a Gothic Hakul-baírands (p. 146-7). As Longbeard, the god deep-sunk in his mountain-sleep is reproduced in the royal heroes Charles and Frederick: *who* better than Wuotan, on whose shoulder they sit and bring him thoughts and tidings, was entitled to inquire after the flying ravens? Ravens and wolves scented his march to victory, and they above all other animals have entered into the proper names of the people. In the Norse sagas the questioner is a blind graybeard, who just as plainly is old Oðin again. Father of victory, he is likewise god of blessing and bliss, *i.e.* Wish over again, whose place is afterwards occupied by Sâlida (well-being). Since he appears alike as god of poetry, of measurement, of the span, of the boundary and of the dice-throw, all gifts, treasures, arts may be regarded as having proceeded from him.

Though a son of Wuotan and yielding to him in power or influence, Donar (Thunar, Thor) appears at times identical with him, and to some extent as an older god worshipped before Wuotan. For, like Jupiter, he is a father, he is grandfather of many nations, and, as grandfather, is a god of the hills, a god of the rocks, a hammer, sits in the forest, throned on the mountain top, and hurls his old stone weapon, the lightning's bolt. To him the oak was sacred, and his hammer's throw measured out land, as did afterwards Wuotan's wand. He rather flies furiously at the giants than fights battles at the head of heroes, or meditates the art of war. I think it a significant feature, that he drives or walks, instead of riding like Wuotan: he never

presents himself in the wild hunt, nor in women's company. But his name is still heard in curses (Wuotan's only in protestations, p. 132); and as Redbeard, Donar might sit in the mountain too. The heroes all go to Wuotan's heaven, the common folk turn in at Donar's; beside the elegant stately Wuotan, we see about Donar something plebeian, boorish and uncouth. He seems the more primitive deity, displaced in the course of ages (yet not everywhere) by a kindred but more comprehensive one.

If Wuotan and Donar are to be regarded as exalted deities of heaven, much more may Zio, Tius, be accepted as such, whose name expresses literally the notion of sky, while Wuotan signifies the air, and Donar the thunderstorm. And as Wuotan turns the tide of battle, Zio presents himself as the special god of war; as Donar flings the hammer and Wuotan the spear, he is god of the sword, as exhibited in the names Sahsnôt and Heru. But here much remains dark to us, because our legend has lost sight of Zio altogether. Like Wuotan, he also seems to rush down from the sky in the form of tempest.

Two others, though never appearing in the week, must yet be reckoned among the great gods. Froho, a god of hunting, of generation, fertility and summer, had long planted his name in the heart of our language, where he still maintains his ground in the derivatives frôn and frônen; his sacred golden-bristled boar survived in helmet-crests, in pastry, and at the festive meal. Year by year in kingly state Froho journeyed through the lands (p. 213. 760). He is the gracious loving deity, in contrast with the two last-mentioned, and with Wuotan in one aspect; for, as Wish, Wuotan also seems kindly and creative like Froho.

As to Phol, scarcely known to us till now, I have hazarded so many conjectures that I will not add to their number here. If, as appears most likely, he is synonymous with Paltar (Balder), he must pass for a god of light, but also of fire, and again of tempest; under another view he haunted wells and springs. He approximates the higher elemental powers, and could the more easily be perverted into a diabolic being. Equally lost to Germany is the name of the Norse Loki, who represents fire in another

aspect, and was still better qualified to stand for the devil. The stories of his artfulness, his cunning tricks, have reproduced themselves repeatedly in all branches of our race.

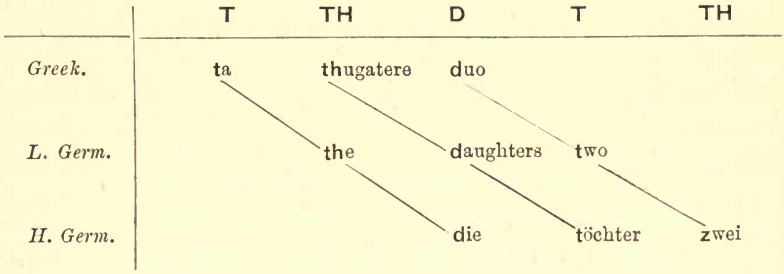
I now turn to the Goddesses. A mother of gods, Nerthus, is named to us by Tacitus; her name is the exact counterpart to that of a Norse god, who confirms her existence, as Freyr would confirm that of Freyja, had she come down to us only as the High German Frouwa, and from the Gothic fráuja (m.) we have the same right to infer a fem. fráujô. Say that her name of Nerthus has long ago died out, if it ever extended to all branches of our race; a whole group of beings almost identical with her lives on in fadeless legend: Holde, Berhte, Fricke, Harke, Gaue, Stempe, Trempe. At the first glance none of these names seem to go very high up; yet, Berhte at all events is introduced in poems of the 14–15th century, and the matter begins to wear another look the moment we can set her beside the Carolingian Berhta, beside the Eddic Biört (p. 1149), beside the deeply rooted tradition of the 'white lady.' Of dame Holda the legend was never written down till the 17th century; if Holda was in the Venus-mountain, which goes as far back as the 14th, she at once gains in importance; then further, in the 12th century we can point to Pharaïldis (p. 284); and if, to crown all, Huldana in the stone inscription is correct (p. 266), we can have but little doubt of a Gothic worship of Hulþô (p. 990). Now, as Berhta and Holda are adjective names, I was fain to claim for Nerthus also an adj. basis naírthus, with the sense of mild, gracious, fair. Frigg too (p. 301-2) I interpret by the adj. free, fair, gracious. If Gaue, Gauden, is a corruption of the masc. Wôden, it might still have an accessory notion of good. Frouwa is obviously the fem. to Froho, and still asserts her full power in our present frau. Almost all names of the female deities have still a transparent meaning; as compared with those of the male, there is something innocent and inviolable in them, and for that reason they seem to have been treated tenderly or tolerated. The delicacy and inoffensive matter of the myth have shielded it longer in popular legend.

The goddess Hellia has exchanged her personal meaning for a local one, that of hell. Ostara, Eástre, is preserved at least in the name of the high festival; and Hreda, if my conjecture be sound, in the word for a bride's gerada (outfit), as Zio was in the name of the sword. Folla and Sindgund have only come to light through the latest discoveries.

This muster of divinities is strong enough to support the whole remaining framework of mythology; where such pillars stand, any amount of superstructure and decoration may be taken for granted. Considered in and for themselves, almost all the individual deities appear emanations and branches of a single One; the gods as heaven, the goddesses as earth, the one as fathers, the other as mothers, the former creating, governing, guiding, lords of victory and bliss, of air, fire and water, the goddesses nourishing, spinning, tilling, beautiful, bedizened, loving.

As all the sounds of language are reducible to a few, from whose simplicity the rest can be derived—the vowels by broadening, narrowing, and combination into diphthongs, the mute consonants by subdivision of their three groups each into three stages, while particular dialects shift them from one stage to another in regular gradation[1];—so in Mythology I reduce the long array of divine personages to their unity, and let their multiplicity spring out of this unity; and we can hardly go wrong in assuming for deities and heroes a similar coincidence, combination and gradation, according to their characters and particular

[1] Thus, to take an example from the Dentals:



It will be seen that the High Germ. is always a stage in advance of Low Germ., and this a stage in advance of Greek, Latin, Sanskrit, &c. The Germ. *z* is sounded *ts*; and *s*, like *h*, is a breathing.—TRANS.

functions. How Wuotan, Donar, and Zio partly run into one another has been shewn; Logi (lowe, blaze) becomes Loki (lock, bolt), *g* becomes *k*, the sense of fire is exchanged for that of bolts and bars (of hell), as Hamar and Heru came to signify the implements they used. We have seen Wuotan reappear in long-bearded Charles, in red-bearded Frederick. On comparing the Norse hero-legend with the German, we see remarkable instances of this shifting and displacement of names and persons. Gudrun in the Edda occupies the place of our Krîmhilt, while Grîmhildr is her mother's name; in the Vilkinasaga Mîmir is the smith and Reginn the dragon, in the Völsungasaga Reginn is the smith and Fâfnir the dragon. If these changes took place at haphazard, there would be nothing in them; but they seem to proceed by regular gradation, without leaps.

Among all branches of the Teutonic race there shew themselves innumerable varieties of dialect, each possessing an equal right; so likewise in the people's religion we must presuppose a good many differences: the difficulty is to reconcile in every case the local bearings of the matter with the temporal. If the more numerous testimonies to Wuotan in Lower Germany would lead us to infer that he was held in higher esteem by Saxons than by Alemanns or Bavarians, we must remember that this (apparent) preference is mainly due to the longer continuance of heathenism in the north; that in the first few centuries after conversion the south too would have borne abundant witness to the god. Upper Germany has now scarcely a single name of a place compounded with Wuotan (p. 158), Wuotan's day has there given place to 'midweek,' and just there the legend of his 'wütende heer' is found more alive than elsewhere! It would be a great thing to ascertain whereabouts—whether among Goths—the designation Faírguneis prevailed above that of Thunrs. Any conclusion drawn from the proximity of the Lithuanian Perkunas, the Slavic Perun, may seem bold, though it is precisely to these two nations that the Gothic and High German incline more than the Low German, even in language: witness Hruodo and Kirt (p. 248). It seems an easier matter to trace the distinction between Zio

and Eru, and follow it up to Swabia and Bavaria; yet, if my conjecture be right, the Cheruscans must of all races have had the best claim to Eru. Even the name of the plant Ziolinta (p. 1193) is worth taking into account. Sahsnôt, Seaxneát, was assuredly an eponymous deity of the Saxons. How do Paltar and Phol stand to one another, as regards the nations that were devoted to them? Phol appears to point, now eastward, now westward. An important mark of distinction is the change of gender in the same name of a god among different tribes. In Gothic the masc. fráuja (lord) was still current as a common noun, in O.H. German the fem. frouwâ, in O. Saxon only the masc. frôho, frô, A.S. freá, so that Goths and Saxons seem to have preferred the god, High Germans the goddess; in the North both Freyr and Freyja are honoured alike. But the North knows only the god Niörðr, and the Germans living on the opposite side of the Baltic only the goddess Nerthus. The relation of Zio to Zisa, perhaps Isis (p. 298), demands further explanation. No doubt the numerous aliases of that female deity, who is not yet forgotten in modern legend, are due to differences of race: Holda shews herself in Hesse, Thuringia, and North Franconia, Berhta in Vogtland, East Franconia and sundry tracts of Swabia, where likewise a male Berhtold encounters us. There is no trace of either goddess in Lower Germany, but a dame Freke now turns up in the Mark, and dame Gaue haunts Mecklenburg between Elbe and Weser. Yet in ancient times Holda, as Huldana, must have reached far westward to the Rhine, and, if the Ver-hilden-stract (p. 285) was named after her, into the Netherlands, reminding us of the kinship between Chatti and Batavi; while the Carolingian Berhta Pedauca and the Biört of the Edda would betoken a similar extension of Berhta's worship. We must pay regard to the almost universal rush of nations toward the West: even Isis and her Suevian ship we managed to trace as far as the Ardennes.——But, beside the deities, other portions of mythology must also have their say. Himins and himil, himel and heven are discussed on p. 698, the lapse of Himil into Gimill on p. 823; in Hesse is the borderland between Wights

and Elves, the one belonging to Franconian, the other to Saxon soil: the Low Saxon hüne is out of use in High Germany, even in O.H. German the hûni seem to be only Huns, not giants, and the M.H. German hiune had a very limited circulation, being never heard now in Hesse, Swabia or Bavaria, unless we are to look for it in the name of the disease (p. 1163).

Such investigations and similar ones capable of indefinite expansion, some of them not even dreamt of at present, may gradually become important to the internal aspect of our own Mythology: a still more urgent task is, to establish its relation to the Religions of Other Nations; nay, this is really the hinge on which mythological study in general turns. But seldom have their mutual influences or differences been so successfully explored, as to educe therefrom a safe standard for the treatment of any one mythology.

Every nation seems instigated by nature to isolate itself, to keep itself untouched by foreign ingredients. Its language, its epos feel happy in the home circle alone; only so long as it rolls between its own banks does the stream retain its colour pure. An undisturbed development of all its own energies and inmost impulses proceeds from this source, and our oldest language, poetry and legend seem to take no other course. But the river has not only to take up the brooks that convey fresh waters to it from hill and mountain, but to disembogue itself at last in the wide ocean: nations border upon nations, and peaceful intercourse or war and conquest blend their destinies in one. From their combinations will come unexpected results, whose gain deserves to be weighed against the loss entailed by the suppression of the domestic element. If the language, literature and faith of our forefathers could at no time resist at all points the pressure of the Foreign, they have one and all undergone the most disruptive revolution by the people's passing over to Christianity.

We had long plagued ourselves to derive all languages from the far-off Hebrew; it was only by closely studying the history

of the European idioms near at hand, that a safe road was at length thrown open, which, leaving on one side for the moment the Semitic province, leads farther on into the heart of Asia. Between the Indian and Zendic languages and the majority of those which spread themselves over Europe there exists an immediate tie, yet of such a kind as makes them all appear as sisters, who at the outset had the same leading features, but afterwards, striking into paths of their own, have everywhere found occasion and reason to diverge from each other. Amongst all languages on earth points of contact are to be found, any discovered rule compels us to admit exceptions, and these exceptions are apt to be misleading; but the rule teaches us to fix upon fundamental distinctions, for which we can only expect a very slow resolution into a higher unity. While there is every appearance of Europe not having contained any aborigines, but received its population gradually from Asia, yet the figures in our chronologies do not reach back to the actual descent of all human speech from one original source; and the strata of our mountains bear witness to a higher prehistoric age, whose immeasurable breadth no inquirer can penetrate. Then, over and above the original kinship necessarily underlying the facts taught by comparative philology, we must also assume in the history of European tongues some external, accidental and manifest interchanges of influence between them, which, powerful and resultful as they may have been, are to be carefully distinguished from that more hidden agency: we have only to call to mind the former influence of Latin and the later of French on almost all the other languages, or the origin of English from a mixture of Teutonic and Romance elements. The difference between the two kinds of likeness shews itself especially in the fact that, while the originally cognate elements of a language remain flexible and intelligible, the borrowed ones, because they are borrowed, shew an indistinctness of form and a crippling of movement. Hence all cognate words are rooted in the essential life of a language, about which the borrowed ones mostly tell us nothing: how lifeless, for example, has our adj. rund become!

whereas the French rond, from which it comes, can still carry us back to roond, reond, the Span. redondo, It. rotondo, and so to rotundus, and therefore rota. Again, cognate forms are seldom confined to one stem or branch, but run impartially through several: *e.g.* our numerals; our ist, Goth. ist, Lat. est, Gr. ἐστί, Skr. asti; the Goth. sa, sô, þata, AS. se, seo, þæt, ON. sa, sû, þat, Gr. ὁ, ἡ, τό, Skr. sa, sâ, tad; all of them consonances which did not arise, like that 'rund,' at some definite assignable period, but were there from time immemorial.

These examples are well known, and are here chosen merely to make good for Mythology also a distinction between material that was common from the first and that which was borrowed and came in later. Our scholarship, disloyal to its country, inured to outlandish pomp and polish, loaded with foreign speech and science, miserably stocked with that of home, was prepared to subordinate the myths of our olden time to those of Greece and Rome, as something higher and stronger, and to overlook the independence of German poetry and legend, just as if in grammar also we were free to derive the German ist from est and ἐστί, instead of putting the claims of these three forms perfectly on a par. Giving the go-by to that really wonderful and delightful consonance, whose origin would have had to be pushed far back, they struggled, however much against the grain, to hunt up any possible occasions of recent borrowing, so as to strip their country of all productive power and pith. Not content even with handing over our mythology to foreign countries, they were eager, with as little reason, to shift its contents into the sphere of history, and to disparage essentially unhistoric elements by expounding them as facts.

Why hold our tongues about the mischief and the caprices of this criticism? Mone, an honest and able explorer, whose strenuous industry I respect, will often come half-way to meet the truth, then suddenly spring aside and begin worrying her. By hook or by crook the Reinhart of our apologue must be resolved into a historical one, the Siegfried of our heroic lay into Arminius, Civilis and Siegbert by turns, Tanhäuser into Ulysses.

In all that I had gathered by a careful comparison of original authorities on sorcery and witches, he of course can see neither circumspectness nor moderation, who gravely imagines that witchcraft was once a reality, who from the minutes of a single trial in 1628 jumps at once to the Greek Dionysia, makes the devil Dionysus, and warms up again the stale explanation of hexe (witch) from Hecate. This is allowing the devil a great antiquity in comparison with those heroes; to me Reinhart and Isengrim seem to reach up far higher than the ninth century, and Siegfried even beyond Arminius, therefore a long way before the time when the term devil first came into our language. Several designations of the giants are unmistakably connected with the names of surrounding nations; Mone's view applies them to Indians, Frisians, Persians, according as the words ent and wrise suit his purpose; let no one be startled to find that Caucasus comes from our Gouchsberg (cuckoo's hill)!

A later work, whose merits I acknowledge on p. 1070n., comes in not unseasonably here. Soldan agrees in my opinion on the atrocity and folly of the witch-persecutions, but he would dispute the connection of witches with German mythology, and derive all our magic and demonology from the Greeks and Romans again. The resemblance of the mediæval notions to classical antiquity strikes him so forcibly, that he seems to think, either that Germany and all barbarian Europe till their early contact with the Romans were without any magic or belief in ghosts, or that such belief suddenly died out. The Walburgis-night, it seems, was suggested by Roman lares praestites, even the practice of bidding for fiefs by floralia and averruncalia, and the cutting of henbane by the fruges excantare: why may not our es also come from id, our auge from oculus, our zehn from decem? At that rate Wuotan might without more ado be traced back to Jupiter, Holda to Diana, the alp to the genius, all German mythology to Roman, and nothing be left us of our own but the bare soil that drank in the foreign doctrine.

When two nations resemble each other in language, manners, and religion, such agreement is welcome in proof of their age,

and is not to be perverted to conclusions in favour of borrowing or influence which any peculiarity in them may suggest. But the stamp of authority will be given to research, when side by side with the string of consonances there also runs an inevitable string of divergences and transpositions.

In our book of heroes the adventures of Wolfdieterich and Orendel have in their several ways a striking similarity to features in the Odyssey, especially does the angel's mission to shaggy Els and to lady Breide resemble that of Hermes to Calypso, when she is commanded to let Odysseus go. But such wanderings of heroes and encounters with wise women and giants seem to be a common epic property prevailing everywhere, while the very absence here of all the other main motives of the Greek myth excludes the supposition of borrowing. We may surely give their due weight to the many resemblances of Wuotan to Zeus and Apollo, of Zio to Zeus and Ares, we may recognise Nerthus in Demeter, Frigg and Freyja in Hera and Aphrodite, Wieland in Hephæstus and Dædalus, without the whole swarm of Grecian gods needing therefore to be transported to our soil, or all that this produced having to be looked for in Greece. Must 'honum hlô hugr î briosti' have somehow got into the Edda from Homer's ἐγέλασσε δέ οἱ φίλον ἦτορ? The distinction, drawn in Homer as well as the Edda, between the speech of gods and of men may signify something to us, and yet be no harder to explain than the identity of Zio with Zeus, or of Ζεὺς πατήρ with Allfather. It is beautiful how Venus and venustus are made intelligible by the ON. vænn and vænstr, and even by the O. Sax. superlative wânumo. What is true of the Greek and Roman mythologies, that with all their similarity they are yet far from identical, has to be asserted with still more emphasis of the relation between the Roman and German, inasmuch as Greek literature left an infinitely deeper dint on the Roman, than Latin literature was ever able to produce on our antiquity. If in ch. XXXV and XXXVII many things are quoted which appear to spring out of Roman superstition, it is fully justified by the poverty of native information compelling me to seek a support for it from abroad:

I do not suppose that the old German fancies about beasts crossing one's path, or about the virtues of herbs, were in themselves any poorer than the Roman.

What I claim for Teutonic nations as compared with the Greeks and Romans, must also hold good of them as regards the Celts, Slavs, Lithuanians and Finns, whose paganism was similar to ours or not so similar. Here however the quantity of coincidences is still more damaging to the theory of plagiarisms, which would else encumber every nook and corner.

In favour of the study of Celtic languages and legends a wholesome reaction has set in, insisting that this downtrodden race, which once occupied wide tracts of Germany, shall receive its due. By no means poor in memorials, it has an auxiliary resource in several living tongues, the Armoric, Welsh, Irish and Highland Scotch. But the paths still lie uncertain and slippery, and what we concede to the Celts ought not in the zeal of discovery to be turned against ourselves; in cases of resemblance what is genuinely German must put in its claim too. Now Heinrich Schreiber's interesting studies of grave-mounds, weapons and fays appear to me at times to stray beyond the true line: surely the horses' heads on roof-gables in Mecklenburg and Holstein are more undoubtedly German than the similar ones in Switzerland are Celtic; and so far as our elfins and white ladies extend, they have their justification, as the fays have on the other side. Some obscure names of animals Leo has, I think, succeeded in interpreting as Celtic; so long as he is obliged to leave the main characters in the fable German, as Reginhart and Isangrim, I have no fear for the genuineness of our epos; and the foreignness of subordinate characters tends to throw farther back the date of the entire poem. Also what he contributes to Nerthus and muspell (Haupt 3, 226) demands attention. Beside the fays, who answer to our swan-maidens, wish-wives and norns, beside Abundia, who resembles Folla (fulness), I attach importance to Taranis=Donar, to Gwydion=Wuotan, to Beal=Phol or Balder, and I am not sure but that Hesus is the same as Cheru, and that Segomon (p. 371) ought not to be overlooked. Needfires and May-offerings

are subjects for consideration. It would greatly advance our knowledge of Wuotan's true nature, if we could ascertain how far the Celtic worship of Mercury differed from the Roman; to all appearance that deity was greater to the Celts and Germans than Hermes-Mercury was to the Greeks and Romans; to Trismegistus and Tervagan I allude on p. 150. All that is left us of the Celtic religion, even in stray fragments, bespeaks a more finished mental culture than is to be found in German or Norse mythology; there comes out in it more of priestly lore. But in respect of genius and epic matter our memorials are incomparably superior.

As the Celts enclose us on the west, so do the Slavs on the east; and Slavic writers, like the Celtic, are rather fond, wherever their ancient faith coincides with ours, of interpreting things from a Slavic point of view, which can just as well be explained from a German. The affinity of the two races can be perceived at once by such old cognate words as the Gothic sunus (son), O.H. German sunu, Slavic syn; Goth. liubs (dear), OHG. liop, Boh. liby, Russ. liubo; Goth. láuþs (people), OHG. liut, Slav. liud; Goth. hláifs (loaf), OHG. hleip, Slav. khlêb. And the mythic resemblances are no less significant. Radegast must stand for Wuotan, Perun for Faírguneis, Fiörgunn, but Svatovit for Zio; between Radegast the god of bliss (rad glad, radost joy), and our Wish, the harmony is yet stronger. Kroto reminds us of Kirt, Molnia of Miölnir (pp. 1221. 813). How near the badniak of the Servians comes to our Christmas fire! their cuckoo-pole to the Langobardic dove-pole (p. 1135n.), their dodola to the fetching-in of rain (p. 594), the carrying-out of death to the fight of summer and winter, the vila to our wise-women! If the elf and dwarf legends appear less polished than they are among Celts and Germans, our giant legend on the other hand has much more in common with the Slavic and Finnic. No doubt Slav mythology altogether is several degrees wilder and grosser than German, yet many things in it will make a different figure when once the legends and fairy tales are more fully and faithfully gathered in, and the gain to German research also will be great.

From similar collections of Lithuanian, Samogitian and Lettish myths revelations no less important are impending, as we may anticipate from the remarkable connexion between the languages.

More results have already been attained in Finland, whose people, comparable in this to the Servians alone, have in their mouths to this day a most wonderful store of songs and tales, though in Servian poetry the heroic legend predominates, and in Finnic the myth. Merely by what Ganander, Porthan and now Lönnrot have published, an immense deal is bridged over between the German, Norse, Slav, Greek and Asiatic mythologies. Rask (in Afhand. 1, 96) had already derived some Norse names of giants from Finnic. And further, the distinction we made between legend and fairy-tale does not at all apply as yet to this Finnic poetry: it stands at an older stage, where the marvels of the fairy-tale without any sense of incongruity mingle with the firmer basis of the folk-tale, and even the animal fable can be admitted. Wäinämöinen (Esth. Wannemunne) can be compared to Wuotan both in general, and particularly in his character of Wish: the Finnic waino and wainotem signify desiderium, wainok cupidus, wainotet desiderare: the Swedish Lapps, with a kindred language, have waino (wish, desire), and the Norwegian Lapps vaimel cupidus. Thus Wish, Radegast and Wäinämöinen seem to be getting nearer to each other. This last is a god of poetry and singing (p. 907), he is constantly called Wanha, the old one, as the thunder-god Ukko likewise is called father or old, and his wife Akka mother or old. With the Lapps, Atia means both grandfather and thunder (see 'old daddy,' p. 168). As Thor's minni was drunk, so full bowls were emptied in honour of Ukko. Wäinämöinen wakes Wipune out of her grave (Rune 10), as Oðinn does Völa. Ilmarinen, the smith-god of the Finns, reminds us of Hephæstus and Völundr, but makes a deeper impression than either; he fashioned a wife for himself out of gold (conf. p. 570 n.). To the Lapps, Sarakka means creatress, from saret to create, a goddess of fortune.

All Finnish nations use Yumala as a general name for the

Supreme Being in the sense of our God or the Slavic Bôgh, to which corresponds the Swed. Lapp. yupmel, Norw. Lapp. ibmel; but the Syriän have also yen (gen. yenlon), the Permians en, the Votiaks inmar, the Tcheremiss yumn. Along the northern edge of Europe and over the Ural into northern Asia extends this widespread group of nations of the Finn kind, their languages and myths shewing everywhere a common character. The Votiaks, like the Slavs and Germans, hold the woodpecker sacred (p. 765); but what I lay special stress upon is the bear-worship of these nations, which has left its traces in Sweden and Norway, and betrays the earliest stage of our Teutonic beast-legend (p. 667). Poetic euphemisms designate the sacred beast, and as soon as he is slain, solemn hymns are struck up as by way of atonement. Runes 28 and 29 in Kalewala describe such a hunt with all its ceremonial. Ostiaks in taking an oath kneel on a bearskin, in heathen sacrifices they covered the victim with a bearskin (p. 1010), and long afterwards they hung bearskins about them in the service of the devil (p. 1018). As the bear was king of all beasts, the terms applied to him of 'old one' and 'grandfather' suggest those of the thunder-god. The constellation of the Great Bear (p. 725) would of itself seem an evident trace of his worship even among the Greeks.

Coming down from northern Asia to the tribes of the Caucasus, we again meet with the most remarkable coincidences. The Tcherkesses (Circassians) keep up a worship of the boar (p. 215), as did the ancient Aestyi and Germani. Both Tcherkesses and Ossets glorify the same Elias (p. 173-4, conf. p. 185) who is such a sacred personage to the Slav races. Even the ancient Alani and Scythians seem to be linked with the heathen Germans by their worship of the sword (p. 204); Attila means grandfather, and is among Huns as well as Germans a name for mountains. The same inspection of shoulder-blades that Jornandes relates of Huns goes on to this day among Kalmuks (p. 1113). A good many Mongolian customs agree with those of Celts and Germans: I will only instance the barleycorn's being the unit of all measurement of land (see my account of it in Berl. Jahrb. for 1842,

pp. 795-6); conf. the Finnic ohrasen yiveä = hordei granum, Kal. 17, 625. 27, 138.

A still closer agreement with our antiquities than exists among Finns and Mongols is to be looked for in the more cognate Zendic and Indian mythologies. That of India is finely wrought like the Greek, but I think the Greek has the same advantage over it that I awarded to the German as compared with the Celtic: a certain theosophic propensity betrays itself in the Indians as well as Celts, which in the fulness of Greek and German myth falls more into the background. It seems worthy of notice, that to the Indian gods and goddesses are assigned celestial dwellings with proper names, as in the Edda. Among the gods themselves, Brahma's creative power resembles Wuotan's, Indra is akin to Donar, being the wielder of lightning and the ruler of air and winds, so that as god of the sky he can also be compared to Zio. The unison of our Wish with the notion embodied in manoratha (p. 870) deserves attention. Nerthus answers to Bhavani (p. 255), Halja to Kâli, and Mannus to Manus (p. 578), the last two examples being letter for letter the same; but one thing that must not be overlooked is, that the same myth of man's creation out of eight materials (pp. 564—7) which has already turned up five times, appears in a portion of the Vedas, the Aitareya Aranya, from which an excerpt is given in Colebrooke's Misc. Essays, Lond. 1837, vol. 1, p. 47 seq.; here also eight ingredients are enumerated: fire, air, sun, space, herb, moon, death, and water. Naturally the details vary again, though even the five European accounts are not without a certain Indian colouring. Still more interesting perhaps is an echo that reaches the very heart of our hero-legend. Putraka (in Somadeva i. 19) comes upon two men who are fighting for some magic gifts, a cup, a staff, and a pair of shoes; he cheats them into running a race, steps into the shoes himself, and flies up into the clouds with the cup and staff. With the same adroitness Siegfried among the dwarfs manages the division of their hoard, upon which lies the wishing-rod (p. 457); and our nursery tales are full of such divisions (Altd. bl. 1, 297. KM. ed. 5, no. 193.

2, 502. Bechstein's Märchen p. 75). The same trick decides the quarrel in Asbiörnsen, no. 9, p. 59, and in the Hungarian tale, Gaal p. 166.

Now whence can these details have been imported into the homespun fairy-tale? Every country has them at its fingers' ends. To take another striking instance: the story of the three cousins (p. 415) who had spun till the nose of one grew long, another's eyes red, and another's fingers thick, is told still more vividly in Norway (Asb. and Moe, no. 13), and most vividly in Scotland (Chambers, p. 54-5). Or the changeling's unfailing formula (pp. 469. 927), was that conveyed from Denmark to Scotland, from Ireland to Hesse? Was the legend of the willow that has never heard a cock crow (p. 1243) handed over by the Romans to the Poles; and the myth of the thunder-bolt by the Greek to the Slav, by the Slav to the German? Did a little bird always pick up the legendary seed, and lug it over hill and dale to other lands? I believe Myth to be the common property of many lands, that all its ways are not yet known, but that it is properest to that nation with whose gods it closely coalesces, as a word common to several languages may best be claimed by that one which can explain its root. The legend of Tell relates no real event, yet, without fabrication or lying, as a genuine myth it has shot up anew in the bosom of Switzerland, to embellish a transaction that took hold of the nation's inmost being.

I do not deny for a moment, that beside this mysterious diffusion of myths there has also been borrowing from without, nay, that they could be purposely invented or imported, though it is a harder matter than one would imagine for this last sort to take root among the people. Roman literature has from early times spread itself over other European lands, and in certain cases it may be quite impossible to strike the balance between its influence and that inner growth of legend. And nowhere is extrinsic influence less a matter of doubt than where, by the collision of christian doctrine with heathenism among the

converted nations, it became unavoidable to abjure the old, and in its place to adopt or adapt what the new faith introduced or tolerated.

Oftentimes the Church—and I have specified sundry instances —either was from the outset, or gradually became, tolerant and indulgent. She prudently permitted, or could not prevent, that heathen and christian things should here and there run into one another; the clergy themselves would not always succeed in marking off the bounds of the two religions; their private leanings might let some things pass, which they found firmly rooted in the multitude. In the language, together with a stock of newly imported Greek and Latin terms, there still remained, even for ecclesiastical use, a number of Teutonic words previously employed in heathen services, just as the names of gods stood ineradicable in the days of the week; to such words old customs would still cling, silent and unnoticed, and take a new lease of life. The festivals of a people present a tough material, they are so closely bound up with its habits of life, that they will put up with foreign additions, if only to save a fragment of festivities long loved and tried. In this way Scandinavia, probably the Goths also for a time, and the Anglo-Saxons down to a late period, retained the heathenish Yule, as all Teutonic Christians did the sanctity of Eastertide; and from these two the Yule-boar and Yule-bread, the Easter pancake, Easter sword, Easter fire and Easter dance could not be separated. As faithfully were perpetuated the name and in many cases the observances of Midsummer. New christian feasts, especially of saints, seem purposely as well as accidentally to have been made to fall on heathen holidays. Churches often rose precisely where a heathen god or his sacred tree had been pulled down, and the people trod their old paths to the accustomed site: sometimes the very walls of the heathen temple became those of the church, and cases occur in which idol-images still found a place in a wall of the porch, or were set up outside the door, as at Bamberg cathedral there lie Slavic-heathen figures of animals inscribed with runes. Sacred hills and fountains were re-christened after saints,

to whom their sanctity was transferred; sacred woods were handed over to the newly-founded convent or the king, and even under private ownership did not altogether lose their long-accustomed homage. Law-usages, particularly the ordeals and oath-takings, but also the beating of bounds, consecrations, image-processions, spells and formulas, while retaining their heathen character, were simply clothed in christian forms. In some customs there was little to change: the heathen practice of sprinkling a newborn babe with water (vatni ausa p. 592, dicare p. 108, line 5) closely resembled christian baptism, the sign of the hammer that of the cross, and the erection of tree-crosses the irmensûls and world-trees of paganism. Still more significant must appear that passage where Völuspâ and the Bible coincide (p. 811); in the far later Sôlar-lioð traces of christian teaching are discernible.

In a conflux of so many elements it could not but happen, even where the mental conceptions and views of a simple populace unable to do without myths had felt the full force of the revolution, that in its turn the Old, not wholly extinct, should half unconsciously get interwoven with the irrepressible New. Jewish and christian doctrine began to lean towards heathen, heathen fancies and superstitions to push forward and, as it were, take refuge in all the places they found unoccupied by the new religion. Here we find christian material in a heathen form, there heathen matter in a christian disguise.

As the goddess Ostara was converted into a notion of time, so was Hellia into one of place. The beliefs of our forefathers about elves and giants got intensified and expanded into angels and devils, but the legends remained the same. Wuotan, Donar, Zio, Phol put on the nature of malignant diabolic beings, and the story of their solemn yearly visitation shaped itself into that of a wild rabble rout, which the people now shunned with horror, as formerly they had thronged to those processions.

Veiled under the biblical names of Cain, Elias, Enoch, Antichrist, Herodias, there come into view the same old myths about moon-spots, giants' buildings, a god of thunder and of storm, the

gracious (holde) night-dame and the burning of the world. And what arrests our attention still more is, that to the Virgin Mary we apply a whole host of charming legends about Holda and Frouwa, norns and valkyrs, as the Romans did those about Venus, Juno and the parcae; nay, in the fairy-tale, dame Holle and Mary can usurp the place of gray-hatted Wuotan. What a tender fragrance breathes in those tales of Mary, and what has any other poetry to put by the side of them? To the kindly heathen traits is superadded for us that sense of superior sanctity which encompasses this Lady. Herbs and flowers are named after Mary, her images are carried about, and, quite in accordance with the heathen worship, installed on forest trees. She is a divine mother, she is a spinning-wife, she appears as maid of mercy (vierge secourable) to whosoever calls upon her. To the country folk in Italy, Mary stands well in the foreground of their religion; the Madonnas of several churches in Naples are looked upon as so many different divine beings, and even as rivals, and a Santa Venere by their side gives no offence. Three Marys together (p. 416, note) resemble the three norns and three fays; Mary carries stones and earth in her apron (p. 537) like Athena or the fay. The worship of Mary altogether, being neither founded on Scripture nor recognised by the first centuries, can only be explained by the fact of those pretty and harmless but heathen fancies having taken such deep root in the people that the Church also gradually combined with them a more daintily devised and statelier devotion (attentio) which we find woven into numerous legends and sermons.

But Mary does not stand alone by a long way. Immediately at her side there has grown up in the Catholic and Greek churches an interminable adoration of Saints, to make up for heathen gods of the second or third rank, for heroes and wise-women, and to fill the heart by bridging the gulf between it and pure Deity. Dogma may distinguish between Deity and intercessors; but how many a pious lip, moving in prayer before the sacred image, must be unaware of this distinction, or forget it! And further, among the saints themselves there are various

grades, and the particular troubles under which they can be of service are parcelled out among them like so many offices and lines of business, so that almost every disease and its remedy are called by the name of their saint; this division of tasks has the strongest analogy to the directions given in Norse and Lithuanian mythology for the invocation of the several deities (p. 335). The victorious hero who had slain the dragon made room for Michael or George; and the too pagan Siegberg (p. 198), which may have meant the same as Eresberg (p. 201), was handed over to Michael, as the mons Martis in France was turned into a mons martyrum, Montmartre. It is remarkable that the Ossets have converted the dies Martis into Georgeday, and dies Veneris into Mary's day (Pott 1, 105. 2, 802). The places of Oðinn and of Freyja in minni-drinking are taken by John and by Gertrude, a saint who in other ways also has changed places with the goddess (pp. 61. 305. 673); but we can easily see why the heathen counterpart to a saint's legend is oftener to be found in the Roman than in our German mythology. The Church in her saints and canonizations had not the wit to keep within bounds, and the disproportion comes out most glaringly in the fact that the acts and miracles of the Saviour and his apostles are in some cases outdone by those of the saints. Whoever would push these investigations further, as they deserve to be pushed, will have to take particular notice, what saints are the first to emerge in the popular faith of any country, and which of them in poems and in forms of benediction have gradually slipt into the places of the old gods.

Here let me illustrate the more or less thorough interpenetration and commingling of Christian and heathen legend by two examples, which seem to me peculiarly important.

It must be regarded as one of the original possessions common to our mythologies, that the God, or two gods, or three, descend from heaven to earth, whether to prove men's works and ways (p. 337), or in search of adventures. This does violence to the christian belief in God's omnipresence and omniscience; but it

is a very pleasing fancy, that of the gods in person walking the earth unrecognised, and dropping in at the houses of mortals. Even the Odyssey 17, 485-7 alludes to such wanderings, in which is found the loftiest consecration of hospitality: a man will be loth to turn away a stranger, under whose guise a celestial god may be visiting him. A Greek myth with details appears in the story of Orion: three gods, Zeus, Poseidon, Hermes (some say Zeus, Ares, Hermes = Donar, Zio, Wuotan) take lodging with Hyrieus, and after being feasted, give him leave to ask a favour; he wishes for a son, and they create him one much in the same way as Kvâsir was engendered (p. 902, conf. 1025n.). Ovid's Fasti 5, 495—535. Hyginus 195 relates the same fable of the Thracian Byrseus. In the beautiful legend of Philemon and Baucis (Ovid's Met. 8, 626—721), Jupiter and Mercury are travelling, and reward their kind entertainers by saving them from the impending deluge (p. 580); a fable of Phaedrus makes the divine messenger alone, the god of roads and highways, pass the night with mortals (Mercurium, hospitio mulieres olim duae illiberali et sordido receperant). But Demeter also is at times represented as travelling and associating with men, as would be natural for all mothers of gods; Aesop in Fab. 54 makes Demeter travel with a swallow and an eel, but when they came to a river the bird flew up, the fish slipt into the water, and what did Demeter do? With the Indians it is principally Brahma and Vishnu that visit the earth. In a Lithuanian legend Perkunos walks the earth at the time when beasts yet spoke; he first met the horse, and asked his way. 'I have no time to shew thee the way, I have to eat.' Hard by was an ox grazing who had heard the traveller's request: 'Come, stranger,' he cried, 'I will shew thee the way to the river.' Then said the god to the horse: 'As thou couldst not for eating find time to do me a turn of kindness, thou shalt for a punishment be never satisfied;' then to the ox: 'Thou good-natured beast shalt conveniently appease thy hunger, and after chew the cud at thine ease, for thou wert ready to serve me.' This myth likewise inculcates kindness to the stranger, and for Perkunos subsequent narrators could without

scruple substitute the Saviour. In the Edda it is always Oðinn, Loki and Hœnir that go on journeys together, the same three Ases that also co-operate in creating (p. 560), for Loðr and Loki are apparently one (p. 241), and in this connexion Loki has nothing base or bad about him. Hœnir is called in Sn. 106 sessi, sinni, mâli Oðins (sodalis, comes, collocutor Odini). These three Ases set out on a journey, and at night seek a lodging; in the stories preserved to us no mention is made of a trial of hospitality. In a later saga Oðinn with Loki and Hœnir rides to the chase (Müller's Sagabibl. 1, 364); and a remarkable lay of the Faröe Isles (Lyngbye pp. 500 seq.) presents the same three, Ouvin, Höner and Lokkji, not indeed as travelling, but as succouring gods, who when called upon immediately appear, and one after the other deliver a boy whom giant Skrujmsli is pursuing, by hiding him, quite in fairy-tale fashion, in an ear of barley, a swan's feather, and a fish's egg. There were doubtless many more stories like this, such as the Norwegian tale in Asbiörn. no. 21, conf. p. 423. As bearing upon their subsequent transference, it must not be overlooked that in Fornm. sög. 9, 56. 175 Oðinn on horseback calls one evening at a blacksmith's, and has his horse shod; his identity with Hermes becomes quite startling in these myths. At other times however it is Thôrr with his heavy hammer (p. 180) that seeks a lodging, like Zeus, and when he stays the night at the peasant's, Loki accompanies Thôrr (Sn. 49); then again Heimdallr, calling himself Rîgr, traverses the world, and founds the families of man. The Finnish legend makes Wäinämöinen, Ilmarinen and Lemminkainen travel (rune 23), quite on a par with Oðinn, Loki, and Hœnir.

If now we look from these heathen myths to those in a christian dress and of a later time, the connexion between them can be no enigma: that of Perkunos changing into the Saviour has already set us the key. Either Christ and Peter journey out together, or one of the two alone; the fable itself turns about in more than one direction. Antique above all sounds the visit of these godlike beings, like that of Oðinn, to the blacksmith, and here the rewarding of hospitality is not left out. In the Norw.

tale no. 21, the Saviour, after he has far surpassed his host in feats of skill, yet places three wishes at his disposal, the very same that were allowed the smith of Jüterbok: compare also Kinderm. no. 147, the Netherl. story of Smeke in Wolf's Wodana p. 54 seq., and H. Sachs iv. 3, 70. But in Kinderm. 82, though the player, like the smith, asks for the tree from which one cannot get down, the main point with him is the dice, and the bestowal of them cannot but remind us of Wuotan the inventor of dice (p. 150. 1007), and again of Mercury. In H. Sachs ii. 4, 114 it is only Peter that bestows the wishing-die on a landsknecht at work in the garden. But the Fabliau St. Pierre et le jongleur (Méon 3, 282) relates how the juggler fared after death in hell; though nothing is said of travelling or gift-giving, yet Peter coming down from heaven in a black beard and smug moustaches and with a set of dice, to win from the showman the souls entrusted to his keeping, has altogether the appearance of Wuotan, who is eager, we know, to gather souls into his dwelling; and that tailor who hurled the leg of a chair out of heaven (p. 136) had been admitted by Peter. Then another group of legends betrays a new feature, full of significance to us. The Saviour and Peter are travelling together, Peter has to dress the dinner, and he bites a leg off the roast chicken (Wolf's Wodana, p. 180); in the Latin poem of Heriger, belonging to the tenth century, Peter is called in so many words head-cook of heaven, and a droll fellow secretly eats a piece of lung off the roast, as in Märchen no. 81 brother Lustig, travelling with Peter, steals the heart of the roast lamb, and elsewhere the landsknecht or the Swabian steals the liver. This seems to be all the same myth, for the circumstance that Peter plays by turns the culprit and the god whose attendant is in fault, may itself be of very old date: even the heathen stories may have made Oðinn and Loki change places. Loki is all the more a cook, a roast-stealer, and therefore on a line with Peter, as even the Edda imputes to him the eating of a heart (the suspected passage in Sæm. 118^{b} I emend thus: 'Loki ât hiarta lundi brenda, fann hann hâlfsviðinn hugstein konu,' Lokius comedit cor in nemore assum, invenit semiustum

mentis-lapidem mulieris), and in our ancient beast-fable the sly fox (Loki still) carries off the stag's heart half-roasted (Reinh. xlviii. lii).—Nor does this by any means exhaust the stock of such tales of travel. Hans Sachs 1, 492 made up a poem in 1557 (and Burc. Waldis 4, 95 before him in 1537) how Peter journeying with Christ wished in the pride of his heart to rule the world, and could not so much as manage the goat which the Lord had given into his hands for one day; again 1, 493 how they arrived at a parting of the roads, and asked their way of a lazy workman lying in the shade of a peartree, who gave them a gruff answer; then they came upon a maidservant, who was toiling in the sweat of her brow, but, on being asked, immediately laid her sickle down, and saw the Lord into the right road: 'be this maid,' said the Saviour to Peter, 'assigned to none other but that man,' (in Agricola, Spr. 354, the maid is idle and the man industrious). This recalls not only Perkunos with the horse and ox, but the norns or fays passing through the land in the legend quoted on p. 409. Old French poems give the part of short-sighted Peter to the hermit who escorts an angel through the world (Méon, Nouv. rec. 2, 116, and pref. to tome 1); from Mielcke's Lith. sprachl. p. 167 I learn that the same version prevails in Samogitia, and the Gesta Romanor. cap. 80 tell of the angelus et eremita. As the gods lodged with Philemon and Baucis, so does a dwarf travelling in the Grindelwald with some poor but hospitable folk, and protects their little house from the flood (DS. no. 45); in Kinderm. 87 God Almighty lodges with the poor man, and allows him three wishes; to Rügen comes the old beggar-man (=Wuotan), gets a night's lodging from a poor woman, and on leaving in the morning lets her dabble in the wishing business, which turns out ill for the envious neighbour. Thiele (Danmarks folkesagn 2, 306) finds the very same myth in Fünen, and here the traveller is Peter again: the Norwegian tale makes the Lord God and Peter come to dame Gertrude and turn the stingy thing into a bird (p. 673). There is a popular joke about Christ and Peter being on a journey, and the Saviour creating the first Bohemian; and a Netherl. tale

(Wodana p. xxxvii) about their putting up at an ogre's house in a wood, and being concealed by his compassionate wife, an incident that occurs in many other tales.

Afzelius (Sagohäfder 3, 155), while he proves the existence of these legends of Christ and Peter in Sweden also, is certainly wrong in pronouncing them mere fabricated drolleries, not founded on popular belief. They are as firmly grounded as anything can be on primitive traditions, and prove with what fidelity the people's memory has cared for our mythology, while MHG. poets despise these fables which they could have sung so admirably, just as they leave on one side dame Berhte and Holde and in general what is of home growth. Yet a couple of allusions may prove, if proof it needs, that this dressing up of the old myth was in vogue as early as the 13th century: Rumelant (Amgb. 12[a]) relates of Christ and Peter, how they came to a deep rivulet into which a man had fallen, who was doing nothing to help himself; and a nameless poet (Mone's Anz. 5, 192) tells of a woodcutter whom Peter was trying to hoist into heaven by his mallet, but when on the topmost rung, the mallet's handle came off, and the poor man dropt into hell. The pikeman or blacksmith in the fairy-tale got on better by flinging his knapsack or apron (sledgehammer in Asbiörnsen p. 136 is still more archaic) into heaven. Of course these wanderings of the Saviour and one of his disciples have something in common with the journeys of Jesus and his apostles in Judea, the dwarf visitor might be compared to the angels who announced God's mercies and judgments to Abraham and Lot, as Philemon and Baucis have a certain resemblance to Abraham and Sarah; but the harmony with heathen legend is incomparably fuller and stronger. The angels were simply messengers; our mythology, like the Greek and Indian, means here an actual avatâra of Deity itself.

Another example, of smaller compass, but equally instructive as to the mingling of christian with heathen ideas, may be drawn from the old legend of Fruoto. The blissful birth of the Saviour, the new era beginning with him, were employed in drawing pictures of a golden age (p. 695. 793 n.) and the state of happiness

and peace inseparable from it. The Roman Augustus, under whom Christ was born, closed the temple of Janus, and peace is supposed to have reigned all over the earth. Now the Norse tradition makes its mythic Frôði likewise contemporary with Augustus, Frôði whose reign is marked by peace and blessedness, who made captive giantesses grind heaps of gold for him (p. 531. 871), and had bracelets deposited on the public highway without any one laying hands on them. The poets call gold 'miöl Frôða,' Fruoto's meal (Sn. 146), to explain which phrase the poem Grôttasaungr is inserted in the Edda; and in Sæm. 151[a] occurs: 'sleit Frôða frið fianda â milli.' Rymbegla says, in his time the fields bore crops without being sown (it is the blessed Sampo-period of the Finns), and metal was found everywhere in the ground; nature joined in extolling the prince, as she does in lamenting his death (p. 591). When Helgi was born, eagles uttered a cry, and holy waters streamed down from the hills of heaven (Sæm. 149[a]); in the year of Hâkon's election the birds, we are told, bred twice, and twice the trees bore, about which the Hâk. Hâkonarsaga cap. 24 has some beautiful songs. Hartmann, a monk of St. Gall, sings on the entry of the king: 'Haec ipsa gaudent tempora, floreque verno germinant, adventus omni gaudio quando venit optatior.' So deep a feeling had the olden time for a beloved king. And Beda 2, 16 thus describes king Eádwine's time: 'Tanta eo tempore pax in Britannia fuisse perhibetur, ut, sicut usque hodie in proverbio dicitur, etiamsi mulier una cum recens nato parvulo vellet totam perambulare insulam a mari ad mare, nullo se laedente valeret. Tantum rex idem utilitati suae gentis consuluit, ut plerisque in locis, ubi fontes lucidos juxta publicos viarum transitus construxit, ibi ob refrigerium viantium erectis stipitibus aereos caucos suspendi juberet, neque hos quisquam nisi ad usum necessarium contingere prae magnitudine vel timoris ejus auderet vel amoris vellet.' And of several other kings the tale is told, that they exposed precious jewels on the public road. Mildness and justice were the highest virtues of rulers, and 'mild' signified both mitis and largus, munificus. Frôði was

called the fêmildi (bountiful); 'frôði' itself includes the notion of sagacity. When the genealogies and legends make several kings of that name follow one another, they all evidently mean the same (conf. p. 348). Saxo Gramm. 27 makes his first Frotho sprinkle ground gold on his food, which is unmistakably that 'Frôða miöl' of Snorri; the second is called 'frœkni,' vegetus; it is not till the reign of the third, who fastens a gold bracelet on the road, that the Saviour is born (p. 95).

But this myth of the mild king of peace must formerly have been known outside of Scandinavia, namely, here in Germany, and in Britain too. For one thing, our chroniclers and poets, when they mention the Saviour's birth, break out, like Snorri and Saxo, in praises of a peaceful Augustan age; thus Godfrey of Viterbo p. 250:

> Fit gladius vomer, fiunt de cuspide falces,
> Mars siluit, pax emicuit, miles fuit auceps;
> nascentis Christi tempore pax rediit.

Wernher's Maria, p. 160:

Dô wart ein chreftiger fride,	Then befel a mighty peace,
diu swert versluogen die smide,	smiths converted their swords,
bediu spieze und sper;	both pikes and spears;
dô ne was dehein her	then was there no army
daz iender des gedæhte	that anywhere thought
daz ez strite oder væhte,	of striving and fighting,
dô ne was niht urliuge	then was no war
bî des meres piuge,	by the sea's margin,
noch enhein nîtgeschelle.	nor any sound of hate.
Mit grôzer ebenhelle	In great unison
und harte fridlîche	and right peacefully
stuonden elliu rîche.	stood all kingdoms.

And p. 193: Aller fride meiste
mit des keisers volleiste
der wart erhaben und gesworn
dô Christ was geborn.

Compare En. 13205—13, and Albrecht of Halberstadt's Prologue, which also says that Augustus

> machte sô getânen fride (perfect peace)
> daz man diu swert begunde smide
> in segense (scythes), und werken hiez
> zuo den sicheln den spiez.

It is true, none of these passages make any reference to Fruoto; but how could the 'milte Fruote von Tenemarke' have got so firm a footing in our heroic lays of Gudrun and the Rabenschlacht, and in the memory of our Court-poets (MS. 2, 221^b, 227^b, Conr. Engelhart, and Helbl. 2, 1303. 7, 366. 13, 111) without some express legend to rest upon? This I had a presentiment of on p. 532 from our proper names Fanigolt, Manigolt (fen-gold, bracelet-gold); conf. Haupt's pref. to Engelh. p. x. And what is more, the Austrian weisthümer (3, 687. 712) require by way of fine a shield full of ground gold; and filling shields with gold meant being liberal. The folk-song in Uhland 1, 76-7 makes the mill grind gold and love. How else to explain gold-grinding and gold-meal I cannot divine.

I could multiply such examples; I could also, if the task were not reserved for others or another occasion, shew in detail that the same mythic basis, which must be assumed for our own heroic lays, was not foreign either to the Carolingian poetry, the product mainly of a German tribe, or even to the British. Arthur belongs to the 'wild host' and the 'heaven's wain,' Morgana coincides with norns and elfins. A great deal nearer still stands Charles with his heroes: he is the Long-beard that sleeps in the mountain and rides on the Karl-wain, his Karlstone is the same as the Woden-stone (p. 155), Roland stands on the pillar, Froberge reminded us of Frô (p. 216), and Galans, who plies the forge for these Frankish heroes, is Wayland, Wielant, Völundr. Berthe with the foot, progenitress of Charles, is our Berhta (p. 429); and, attached to her, stand Flore and Blanchefleur with their elvish names (p. 1063). Charles's loved one was an elfin (p. 435), Auberon is Elberich and elf-king; and

Maugis, Malagis=Madalgis, borders on the elvish. Charles's hall resembles that of Asgard (p. 1133n.).

If these investigations have not been a sheer waste of time (and to me it seemed worth the trouble to look into the affairs of our antiquity from all sides), I may now at length attempt an answer to questions, or some of them at least, as to what is the true fundamental character of Teutonic mythology.

Judged by the standard of those mythologies that completed their career from beginning to end, notably the Greek (with which nevertheless it has so many important features in common), it will bear no comparison, if only for the reason that it was interrupted early, before it had produced all that it could have produced. As to our language and poetry, they were sensibly disturbed and hindered too, but they lived on, and could acquire a new impetus; the heathen faith was cut down to the root, and its poor remains could only save themselves by stealth under a new guise. Crude, unkempt it cannot but appear, yet the crude has its simplicity, and the rough its sincerity.

In our heathen mythology certain ideas stand out strong and clear, of which the human heart especially has need, by which it is sustained and cheered. To it the highest god is a father (p. 22), a good father, gofar (p. 167), gaffer, grandfather, who grants salvation and victory to the living, and to the dead an entrance to his dwelling. Death is a going home, a return to the father (p. 839). By the side of the god stands the highest goddess as a mother (p. 22), gammer, grandmother, wise and white ancestress. The god is exalted, the goddess beaming with beauty; both go their rounds and appear in the land, he instructing in war and weapons, she in spinning, weaving, sowing of seed; from him comes the poem, from her the tale. The same paternal authority is deeply stamped on our ancient law, the father taking the newborn son on his lap and acknowledging him; but what we read in some only of our ancient codes, may have been the rule everywhere, namely, that the composition paid to women was originally a higher, a double

one. The German reverence for woman was already known to Tacitus (p. 397), and history vouches for it in the Mid. Ages: in the heroic lays a greater stress is laid on Mother Uote than on the father of the heroes, as Brunhild towers even above Siegfried (see Suppl.). By the side of the beautiful description of mother's love in the Vita Mahthildis (Pertz 6, 298) we can put this touch by Rudlieb 1, 52: 'Ast per cancellos post hunc pascebat ocellos Mater,' as her son was departing. Whenever in dry old Otfried I come to the lines iv. 32: wir sîn gibot ouh wirkên, inti bî unsa muater thenkên (we his bidding also do, and of our mother think), it moves me to melancholy, I don't know whether he meant the church, or her that bore him, I think of my own dear mother (Dorothea Grimm, b. 20 Nov. 1755, d. 27 May 1808). Another thing also we learn from the oldest history of our people, that modesty and virtue had never fled from the land; beside Tacitus, we may rely on Salvian (5th cent.) as the most unimpeachable of witnesses. Refined grace might be wanting, nay, it has often retired before us, and been washed out of remembrance; to the Greeks Apollo, Pallas, Aphrodite stood nearer, their life was brighter like their sky. Yet Frô and Frouwa appear altogether as kind and loving deities, in Wuotan I have produced the god of song, and as Wish he may have been a god of longing and love. However many blossoms of our old mythology and poetry may lie undisclosed and withered, one thing will not escape the eye of a judge, that our poesy still has virgin forms and unlaboured adornment at her command, which, like certain plants, have disappeared from hotter climes.

When the plastic and poetic arts have sprung out of a people's faith, they adorn and protect it by imperishable works; yet another fact must not be overlooked, that both poets and artists insensibly deviate from the sanctity of the old type, and adopt an independent treatment of sacred subjects, which, ingenious as it may be, mars the continuity of tradition. The tragedians will alter for their own ends what epic had handed down entire; the sculptors, striving after naked forms of beauty,

will, in favour of it, sacrifice if need be the significant symbol; as they can neither bring in all the features of the myth, nor yet find the whole of them sufficient, they must omit some things and add others. Sculpture and the drama aim at making the gods more conceivable to the mind, more human; and every religion that is left free to unfold itself will constantly fall back upon man and the deepest thoughts he is capable of, to draw from them a new interpretation of the revealed. As in statues the rigid attitude unbent itself and the stiff folds dropt away, so devotion too in her converse with deity will not be needlessly shackled. In the same way language, even in the hands of poets, declines from the sensuous perfection of poetry to the rational independence of prose.

The grossness that I spoke of would have disappeared from the heathen faith had it lasted longer, though much of the ruggedness would have remained, as there is in our language something rough-hewn and unpolished, which does not unfit it for all purposes, and qualifies it for some. There goes with the German character a thoughtful earnestness, that leads it away from vanity and brings it on the track of the sublime. This was noticed even by Tacitus, whose words, though discussed in the book (p. 70-1, 104-5), will bear repeating: 'Ceterum nec cohibere parietibus deos, neque in ullam humani oris speciem assimilare, ex magnitudine coelestium arbitrantur. Lucos ac nemora consecrant, deorumque nominibus appellant secretum illud, quod sola reverentia vident.' This is no empty phrase, this 'arbitrantur' and 'appellant' must have come of inquiries, which a Roman, if he wished to understand anything of the Germani, had first of all to set a-going. That is how it actually was in Germany at that time, such answer had German men given, when asked about the temples and images of their gods. Temples are first built to hold statues: so long as these were not, neither were those. Anything mentioned in later centuries, or occurring by way of exception among particular tribes, seems to have been corruption and confusion, to which there was no want of prompting. All the Scandinavian temples and idols

fall into this later time, or they have their reason in the difference of race.

That notable piece of insight shows us the whole germ of Protestantism. It was no accident, but a necessity, that the Reformation arose first in our country, and we should long ago have given it our undivided allegiance, had not a stir been made against it from abroad. It is remarkable how the same soil of Old-German faith in Scandinavia and Britain proved receptive of Protestant opinion; and how favourable to it a great part of France was, where German blood still held its ground. As in language and myth, so in the religious leanings of a people there is something indestructible.

Gods, *i.e.* a multiplication of the one supreme incomprehensible Deity, could only be conceived of by Germans as by others under a human form (p. 316), and celestial abodes like earthly houses are ascribed to them. But here comes a difference, in this reluctance to exhibit the immeasurable (that magnitudo coelestium) in visible images, and confine it between earthly walls. To make a real portrait of Deity is clean impossible, therefore such images are already prohibited in the Old Test. decalogue; Ulphilas renders εἴδωλον by galiug or galiuga-guð (lie-god), meaning that any representation of a god was a lie; and the first christian centuries abhorred image-worship, though it gradually found its way into the church again. The statues of Greek gods, we know, proceeded originally from a sacred type, which only by degrees became more secular; the paintings of the Mid. Ages, and even Raphael's great soul-stirring compositions, for want of such a type, were obliged to invent their figures, the legend from which artists chiefly drew their subjects being already song or story; accordingly these pictures stand lower than the works of Greek art, and the spirit of Protestantism insists on their being bundled out of the churches. But if our heathen gods were imagined sitting on mountains and in sacred groves, then our medieval churches soaring skyward as lofty trees, whose sublime effect is unapproached by any Greek pediments and pillars, may fairly be referable to that Old

German way of thinking. Irmansûl and Yggdrasill were sacred trees, rearing their heads into the breezes: the tree is the steed (drasill, the snorter) on which Wuotan, the bodeful thrill of nature, stormfully careers: Yggr signifies shudder, thrill of terror (p. 120, and Suppl.). By the Old German forest-worship I also explain the small number of the priests, who only begin to multiply in temples entrusted to their charge.

Of all forms of belief, the Monotheistic is at once the most agreeable to reason and the most honouring to Deity. It also seems to be the original form, out of whose lap to a childlike antiquity Polytheism easily unfolded itself, by the loftiest attributes of the one God being conceived first as a trilogy, then as a dodecalogy. This arrangement comes out in all the mythologies, and especially clear, I think, in ours: almost all the gods appear unequal in rank and power, now superior, now subordinate, so that, mutually dependent, they must all at last be taken as emanations of a highest and only One. What is offensive in polytheism is thereby diminished (p. 176). For even in the heathen breast a consciousness of such subordination could hardly be quite extinct, and the slumbering faith in a highest god might wake up any moment.

To point out these groups of deities from our half dried-up sources was beyond my power, but the threes and twelves of the Edda are indicated, p. 335. The Greeks however differ in having only one twelve, consisting of six gods and six goddesses, while of the âses and âsynjas there are twelve each, making together twice as many deities as the Greek. Twelve chairs are set for the gods sitting in council (p. 858). Sometimes the highest god has twelve inferiors added to him, which raises the total by one: Loki is called the thirteenth among the gods, and Gnâ among the goddesses. Snorri 211^{b} names thirteen âses, and even more âsynjas. These triads and twelves of the gods are reflected again in the heroes and wise-women: Mannus begot three sons, heads of races (p. 345. 395), Heimdall founded three orders, the Ynglînga saga 2, 7 calls Oðin's fellow-gods his twelve princes (höfdîngjar); Westmar has twelve sons (Saxo

Gram. p. 68); there were thirteen valkyrs (p. 421), and three norns. In Welf's retinue are twelve heroes (p. 395); king Charles's twelve might indeed be traced to the twelve apostles, and the poem itself points to that, but the same thing is found in numberless myths and legends. The might of the godlike king flashes forth yet again in his heroes.

To my thinking, Polytheism almost everywhere arose in innocent unconsciousness: there is about it something soft and agreeable to the feelings; but it will, when the intellect is roused, revert to the Monotheism from which it started. No one taunts the Catholic doctrine with teaching many gods, yet one can see in what respect Catholics stand in the same relation to heathens as Protestants do to Catholics. Heathenism bowed before the power of pure Christianity; in course of time heathenish movements broke out in the church afresh, and from these the Reformation strove to purify it. The polytheistic principle, still working on, had fastened on two points mainly, the worship of saints, of which I have spoken, and that of relics (conf. GDS. p. 149). A stifling smell of the grave pervades the medieval churches and chapels from an adoring of dead bones, whose genuineness and miraculous power seem rarely well attested, and sometimes quite impossible. The weightiest affairs of life, oath-takings, illnesses, required a touching of these sanctities, and all historical documents bear witness to their widely extended use, a use justified by nothing in the Bible, and alien to primitive Christianity (conf. p. 1179). But in idololatria and saint-worship the dominion of the priesthood found its main stay.

Of Dualism proper I have acquitted our heathenism (pp. 895-6. 984). Unlike Polytheism, it seems to me to take its rise, not in gradual corruption, but in conscious, perhaps moral, reflexion, and at a later time. Polytheism is tolerant and friendly; he to whom all he looks at is either heaven or hell, God or devil, will both extravagantly love and heartily hate. But here again let me repeat, that to the heathen Germans the good outweighed the bad, and courage faintheartedness: at death they laughed.

Between deifying much and deifying all, it is hard to draw the

line, for even the most arrant Pantheism will admit some exceptions. The limit observed by the Greek and even the Norse religion appears in those sets of twelve; Personification indeed, on which I have inserted a chapter, seems to dip into the domain of Pantheism; yet when elements and implements are thought of as divine, they scarcely mean more than our old acquaintances, the gods, presented in a new form: the air melts into Wuotan, the hammer into Donar, the sword into Eor, and Sælde (fortune) into Wuotan again. The human mind strives to conceive the unfathomable depth of Deity in new and ever new ways. Some would give our heathenism Fetishism for a foundation (p. 104); the truth is, hammer, spear, flint and phallus were but symbols of the divine force, of which there were other types, both material and moral, equally valid. From thing to person, or from person to thing, was in this matter but a step. As the gods change into heroes and are born again, so they sink even into animals; but this precipitate of them would require certain explanations, which I mean to complete once for all in a new treatment of the Beast-fable. The faster the brood of deities multiplies, the sooner is faith likely to topple over into denial and abuse of the old gods; striking evidences of such atheistic sentiment Scandinavia itself supplies, both in undisguised mockery, and in reposing confidence in one's own strength and virtue (p. 6). The former is expressed in O. Norse by goðgâ (irrisio deorum), O.H. Germ. kotscelta (blasphemia). And this revolt of heathens against heathenism increased as Christianity came nearer: thus the Nialssaga cap. 105 says of Hialti, that he was charged with scoffing at the gods, 'varð sekr â þîngi um goðgâ'; conf. Laxd. p. 180. Kristnisaga c. 9.

An element (*στοιχεῖον*, *ὑπόστασις*) is firm ground, basis, for which the Goth still has a good Teutonic name 'stabs' (=staff, whence the Romance stoffa, étoffe, and so our stuff again), or 'stôma' (whence our ungestüm, OHG. ungistuomi, unquiet). It meets the eye of man in all its glory, while deity remains unseen: how tempted he must feel to give it divine honours! But his senses and his mind link every exhibition of nature's forces with

subjective impressions bodily and mental, the promptings of language teach him to connect. How came Zio to unite in himself the ideas of sky and war? The Gothic veihan meant pugnare, vaíhjô pugna, veihs sacer, veiha sacerdos (p. 68), the OHG. wîg pugna and Mars (p. 203); the hallowed, the holy was at the same time the bright, the beaming. To the Gothic hveits corresponds the Skr. svêtas (albus), to this the Slav. svety, sviatyi (sanctus), and svèt, swiat, svetlo signify mundus, coelum, lux. But again Svetovit, Swantowit, is Ares and bellum, and the parallelism of Wuotan, Donar, Zio to Radigast, Perun, Svetovit stands unquestionable: the god of victory shines in the battle. To the Indians Sûryas denotes the sun, light, day, and he resembles Zio; when Sûryas is taking hold of a victim, it bites his hand off, and a golden one has to be put on: is not this Týr, whose hand the wolf bit off (p. 207)? and who knows but the like was told of the Slavic Svetovit? It was beautiful to derive the eye from the sun, blood from water, the salt flow of tears from the bitter sea, and the more profound seem therefore the myths of Sif's hair, of Freyja's tears; earth and heaven reflect each other. But as even the ancient cosmogonies are inversions of each other (pp. 568. 570, man made of world, world made of man), we have no right to refer the heathen gods exclusively either to astrology and the calendar, or to elemental forces, or to moral considerations, but rather to a perpetual and unceasing interaction of them all. A pagan religion never dropt out of the clouds, it was carried on through countless ages by the tradition of nations, but in the end it must rest on a mysterious revelation which accords with the marvellous language and the creation and propagation of mankind. Our native heathenism seems not to have been oppressed by gloomy fancies about the misery of a fallen existence (like the Indian doctrine of emanation), it favoured a cheerful fatalism (p. 860-1), and believed in a paradise, a renovated world, deified heroes; its gods resemble more those of Greece, its superstition more that of Rome: 'tanta gentium in rebus frivolis plerumque religio est.'

The question has been gravely asked, whether the heathen

gods really existed; and I feel disgust at answering it. Those who believe in a veritable devil and a hell, who would burn a witch with a will, may feel inclined to affirm it, thinking to support the miracles of the church by the evidence of this other miracle, that in the false gods she had crushed actual fiends and fallen angels.

Having observed that her Language, Laws and Antiquities were greatly underrated, I was wishful to exalt my native land. To me one labour became the other: what was evidence there was also a confirmation here, what furnished a foundation here served there as a prop. Perhaps my books will have more influence in a quiet happy time which will come back some day; yet they ought to belong to the Present too, which I cannot think of without our Past reflecting its radiance upon it, and on which the Future will avenge any depreciation of the olden time. My gleanings I bequeath to him who, standing on my shoulders, shall hereafter get into full swing the harvesting of this great field.

JACOB GRIMM.

BERLIN, 28*th April*, 1844.

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